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VOL. 43—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

Price 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Debut of Mdlle. Sarolta.

Madame Harriers-Wipperr. Madame Trebelli.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 15, will be performed (for the first time this season) Verdi's Opera,

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.

(See special advertisement.)

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT,

MONDAY NEXT, July 17th, MOZART'S Grand Romantic Opera,

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

First time of "SEMIRAMIDE."

Titiens and Trebelli.

TUESDAY NEXT, July 18th, will be presented (for the first time these three years) Rossini's Grand Opera,

SEMIRAMIDE.

The following will be the cast:—Arsace, Madame Trebelli (her first appearance in that character); Oro, Signor Marcello Junca; Idreno, Signor Stagno; Assur, Signor Agnesi; and Semiramide by Mdlle. Titiens.

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT, July 19th, GRAND CONCERT, for the BENEFIT OF SIGNOR GIUGLINI.

(See special advertisement.)

EXTRA NIGHT.

Mdlle. Titiens.—MEDEA.

THURSDAY NEXT, July 20th, CHERUBINI'S Grand Tragic Opera,

MEDEA.

Medea by Mdlle. Titiens. After which

LE HAREM.

First time of "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

SATURDAY, July 22nd, will be performed (for the first time this season) MOZART'S Opera.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens; Susanna, Mdlle. Sarolta; Cherubino, Madame Trebelli; Marcellina, Mdlle. Redi; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Agnesi. Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Under the immediate Patronage of the Viscountess Palmerston, the Marchioness of Downshire, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Molesworth, and his Excellency the Italian Minister.—BENEFIT OF SIGNOR GIUGLINI.—A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on Wednesday next, July 19th, for the benefit of this eminent singer. Commence at half-past Two o'clock. All the great artists, and the orchestra and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre will assist. The First Part will consist of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Solos by Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley. The Second Part will be Miscellaneous. Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI. Applications for boxes, stalls, and places, are to be made to Mr. NUGENT, at the box-office of the Theatre.

MONDAY NEXT.

DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE at the Crystal Palace. The great attraction of the season. Extra trains from all Metropolitan stations, but visitors are advised to come early.

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MONDAY.—THE GREAT POPULAR DAY of the DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—ONE SHILLING ONLY.

MR. ALFRED MELLON has the honor to announce that his Fifth Annual Series of Concerts will commence on Monday, August 7.

MR. HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON begs to announce his arrival in London, from Leipzig. Communications to be addressed to him at No. 206, Marylebone Road, W.

MADLLES. EMILIE AND CONSTANCE GEORGI. All communications respecting engagements for public or private Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are requested to be addressed to the care of Mr. JARRETT, at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent-street.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, Soho Square.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE, Primo Baritone of the Royal English Opera Company, having finished his operatic tour, is now in town, and at liberty to accept engagements for Oratorios, Operas, Concerts, &c.—Address—No. 2, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.

MADLLE. LINAS MARTORELLE begs to announce her return to London from her operatic tour in the provinces.—Address—5, St. George's-terrace, Hyde Park, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," (Reichardt) at the concert for the benefit of St. Saviour's Free Hospital, on July 18th.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.

F. BOWCHER, Practical Engraver and Printer, 3, Little Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, begs to say that he Engraves and Prints works on moderate terms.

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Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn.
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal let's the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!"

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

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DE MELODIES, ON MEYERBEER'S OPERA,
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Grande Marche Indienne, from Meyerbeer's New Opera, arranged for
the Piano by BRINLEY RICHARDS. Price 3s.

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SAINTON-DOLBY'S NEW SONG,

"I cannot sing the old songs." Composed expressly for her by
CLARIBEL, and introduced for the first time, with remarkable
success, at Mdme. SAINTON-DOLBY's concert, May 15.

"I cannot sing the old songs,
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fall me,
And foolish tears would flow."

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THE MESSAGE OF LOVE,

VALE ARIETTE. 3s. Also, with Italian words,
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NEW SCHERZO, with Italian words, 3s., or English words, "Tic,
tic," 3s.; also for the Pianoforte, 3s. This charming polka movement
promises to become as popular as "Il Bacio." It will be sung at the
author's concert, on Friday next, by Miss LAURA HARRIS.

M. BLUMENTHAL'S NEW SONG,

THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM.

Composed for Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, and sung by her for the first time
at her concert, May 15. Two editions may be had, with the original and
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OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

Newly arranged by Mrs. CAMPBELL, of Drimnamuchloch.

"Willie's gane to Melvil Castle, boots and spurs, an a',
To bid farewell to the leddies fair, afore he gae awa'."
Price 2s. 6d.

NEW EDITION OF

MARION'S SONG BY CLARIBEL.

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by BOOSEY and Co.

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LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued from page 382).

From the manner in which John Sebastian Bach treated harmony and modulation, his melody necessarily assumed a peculiar form. In the union of several concurrent melodies, which are all to be flowing and expressive, no single one can be so prominent as to attract to itself alone the attention of the hearer. This prominence, they must, as it were, divide among them; so that, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, may shine in particular, though its brilliancy seems to be diminished, by the concomitant parts, because the attention of the hearer is guided by them. I say, seems to be diminished; for, in fact, it is not diminished, but rather increased, when the hearer has practice enough to overlook and to comprehend the whole at once.*

Besides, such a union of many parts obliges the composer to use certain turns in the single melodies, to which he is not obliged in homophonic composition. A single part never needs to force itself through, but several must, in their combination, occasionally turn, bend, and yield, in a very artificial and delicate manner. This necessity causes uncommon, strange, new, and hitherto unheard of turns in the melodies, and it is probably one of the causes at least, why Bach's melodies have so little resemblance with the melodies of other composers, and are so strikingly distinguished from them all. When this strangeness does not degenerate into the unnatural and extravagant, but is united with fluency, and preserves the character of the true cantabile, it is an additional merit in him who knows how to produce it, and is properly, what is called, originality; the only disadvantage of which is, that it is not suited to the public in general, but only to the connoisseur well versed in the art.

All Bach's melodies, however, are not of this description. Though originality of thought always prevails, yet the melodies of what are called his free compositions, are so open, clear, and intelligible, that they, indeed, sound differently from the melodies of other composers, but yet are comprehended by the most unpractised hearers, and even felt, on account of the spirit that dwells in them. Most of the preludes in his "Well-tempered Clavichord," as well as most of the pieces in his greater and smaller "Suites," are of this description.

As his melody has, on the whole, such a stamp of originality, so have also his, "Passages," as they are called, individually; they are so new, so uncommon, and, at the same time, so brilliant and surprising, that we do not find the like in any other composer: examples of this may be found in all his compositions for the clavichord; but the most striking are in the "Great Variations," in the first part of his "Practice for the Clavichord," in the "English Suites," and in the "Chromatic Fugue." Here again, all depends on the abundance of the ideas. As all passages are nothing but dismembered chords, their contents must necessarily be richer and more strange, in proportion as the chords are so, on which they are founded.

How far Bach's meditation and penetration, in the treatment of melody and harmony was carried, how much he was inclined to exhaust all the possibilities of both, appears from his attempt, to contrive a single melody in such a manner, that it could not be harmonized by any part set to it, which contained likewise a melody. At that time it was an established rule, that every union of parts must make a whole, and exhaust all the notes necessary to the most complete expression of the contents, that no deficiency should any where be sensible, by which another part might be rendered possible. Till Bach's time, this rule had been applied only to compositions in two, three, or four parts, and that but very imperfectly. He not only fully satisfied this rule in two, three, and four part compositions, but attempted also to extend it to a single part. To this attempt, we are indebted for six solos for the violin, and six others for the violoncello, which are without any accompaniment, and which absolutely admit of no second part set to them, which is itself a melody. By particular turns in the melody, he has so combined in a single part all the notes required to make the modulation complete, that a second part is neither necessary nor possible.

It is not a quality, but rather a consequence of its qualities, that Bach's melody never grows old. It remains "ever fair and young," like Nature, from which it is derived. Every thing that Bach mixed in his earlier works, conformably to the prevailing taste of his time, is now antiquated: but where, as in his later works, he has developed his

melodies, from the internal sources of the art itself, without any regard to the dictates of fashion, all is fresh and as new as if it had been produced only yesterday. But very few compositions, equally old, will be found, of which anything similar can be said. Even the works of such ingenious composers, as, for instance, Reinhard Kaiser and Handel, have become antiquated sooner than might have been expected, and probably than the author themselves believed. As composers for the public in general, they were obliged to yield to the prevailing taste, and works of this kind last no longer than this taste. But nothing is more inconstant and changeable than every description of popular taste, and in general whatever is called fashion. Of Handel, it is however remarkable that his fugues are not yet antiquated, whereas but few of his airs probably would be found still to please the ear.

The particular nature of Bach's harmony and melody was also combined with a very extensive and diversified use of rhythmus. Hitherto we have spoken only of the internal, or logical relation of the harmonical and melodic thoughts; but these thoughts require an external, or rhythmical relation, by which their already great diversity may be rendered not only more diversified, but more characteristic. The composers of Bach's time had an admirable opportunity to acquire the due and easy management of the various kinds of rhythm, by what they called the "Suites," which were then used instead of our sonatas. In these suites there were between the preludes and the concluding jigs, many French characteristic pieces and dance tunes, in which the rhythm was the most important object. The composers were therefore obliged to make use of a great variety of time, measure, and rhythm (which are now for the most part unknown); and be very expert in them, if they desired to give to every dance tune its precise character and rhythm. Bach carried this branch of the art also much farther than any of his predecessors, or contemporaries. He tried and made use of every kind of time and measure, to diversify, as much as possible, the character of his pieces. He, at last, acquired such a facility in this particular, that he was able to give, even to his fugues, with all the artificial interweaving of their single parts, a rhythm, as easy, as striking, characteristic and uninterrupted, from the beginning to the end, as if they were minuets.

In general, the astonishing art of Bach consists in this, every where equally easy application of the above-mentioned methods. Whether the form which he chose, was of the easiest or most difficult kind, his treatment of it was always equally easy, equally happy. We never find a trace to indicate that any thing had been difficult for him. He always attained the end at which he aimed. All is complete, perfect in itself; no note can be wished by a connoisseur to be otherwise than it is set. I will apply what has been said to some single specimens.

(To be continued.)

COLOGNE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The musical festival given at Cologne last month was the twelfth since the inauguration of these artistic solemnities. The following are the dates of the festivals from the first year, with the names of the conductors:—1821, Norbert Burgmüller, of Düsseldorf; 1824, Frederic Schneider, of Dessau; 1829, Bernhard Klein, of Cologne, Ferdinand Ries, of Bonn, and Leibel, of Cologne; 1832, Ferdinand Ries; 1835, Félix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; 1838, The same; 1841, Conradin Kreutzer, of Cologne; 1844, Henri Dorn, of Cologne; 1847, G. Spontini, Georges Onslow, and H. Dorn; 1858, Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne; 1862, The same; 1865, The same.

MUNICH.—The house was quite full at the third performance of *Tristan und Isolde*. At the conclusion, Herr Richard Wagner was three times called on, with Herr and Madame Schnor von Carolsfeld. A fourth performance is to take place by Royal command. It is said that, at the wish of the King, Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld has thrown up his engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, for the purpose of assuming the management of the School of Singing in the Conservatory here, which is to be re-organised. It is likewise asserted that Wagner's plan, namely, to give annually two months of model performances, at which Herr Schnorr would appear as a singer, has been adopted.—The rumors as to Herr von Bülow's having been relieved of his duties as pianist to the King have not been confirmed; on the contrary, Herr von Bülow was very recently summoned by His Majesty to Berg.

BADEN.—Herr Anton Rubenstein's marriage with Madlle. Tschikomanoff was fixed to come off on the 12th inst.

PESTH.—The last concert given by the pupils of the Pesth-Ofen Conservatory was brought to a tragical conclusion. The concluding part of the programme was the flute part. The professor of the flute, Herr Carl Turek, who was, also, first flautist at the national theatre, accompanied his pupils on the pianoforte. In the concluding piece, he suddenly sank down upon his seat. He had had an apoplectic stroke. Medical assistance was promptly procured, but the unfortunate gentleman was a corpse.

* Many persons are of opinion that that melody is the best, which everybody can at once understand and sing. This opinion certainly cannot be admitted to pass as a principle: for then, popular airs, which are frequently sung from South to North, by all classes of people, down to men and maid-servants, must be the finest and best melodies. I should take the converse of the proposition, and say, "that melody, which can be immediately sung, by everybody, is of the commonest kind." In this form, it might, perhaps, sooner pass as a principle.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times—July 10.)

Though perhaps on the whole neither so striking nor so uniformly well sustained a performance as her Norma, the Leonora of Madame Galetti offers many points to admire, and not a few unreservedly to commend. Her impersonation of Donizetti's unlucky heroine is thoroughly feminine, and her demeanour in the early scenes so gracefully reserved that we are tempted to forget all that is questionable in the "antecedents" of the "Favorite," and to date our estimate of her character from the dawn of her love for Ferdinando. Her first interview with the unsuspecting soldier, who has won the King's battles only to be palmed off upon the King's mistress, is charmingly acted. Every instant Leonora seems on the point of disclosing the truth, even at the risk of sacrificing her lover, till at last, abandoning herself to the happiness of the hour, she gives way to delusive hopes. The duet with Alphonso, when all the splendour that surrounds her is distasteful, and she instinctively balances her dishonorable position against the pure affection that Ferdinando has awakened in her bosom, is crowded with delicate points. This, too, is one of Madame Galetti's most successful vocal efforts, her soft and pleasing mezzo *soprano* intermingling gratefully with the rich barytone of Signor Graziani, and the result affording so much satisfaction that the audience insist upon a repetition of the last movement. In the scene where the monk, Baldassare (Signor Tagliafico), threatens the King and his mistress with excommunication unless they are immediately separated, Madame Galetti shows herself completely mistress of the dramatic situation. The words of the monk, although Leonora is unable immediately to catch their import, seem to inspire her with a sort of undefinable terror, which towards the end of the *finale* completely overpowers her. When the King resigns his mistress to the confiding Ferdinando (with the famous *romanza*, "A tanto amor," which Signor Graziani sings as well as ever), the intense anxiety of Leonora, trembling lest her promised happiness should prove, after all, but a delusion, is exhibited with genuine art; and the rapturous soliloquy that follows, "O mio Fernando," carries out the idea of mortal perplexity in which she is thrown by an event so unanticipated and unhoped for. In the *finale* to the second act, where the outraged Ferdinando, who has cast his no longer coveted honors, together with his broken sword, at the feet of King Alphonso, indignantly rejects the hand of Leonora, Madame Galetti eloquently portrays the natural emotion, and before the curtain descends it is easy to perceive that the spirit of the "Favorite" is broken, just as her physical frame is utterly prostrate and exhausted. But the finest scene is the last, the scene of agony, shame, contrition, forgiveness, and (as poetical justice requires) death. Throughout this Madame Galetti exhibits a pathos as true as it is touching, and which fully accounts for the unrestrainable impulse that induces the outraged Ferdinando to take her once more to his breast and avow that he still passionately loves her. If Madame Galetti is wanting in force and passion, she has abundant grace and tenderness; and if her singing is deficient in vigor and brilliancy, this is in a large measure atoned for by phrasing and execution based upon that genuine Italian method which for connoisseurs must always possess a charm. She is occasionally slow, sometimes over anxious, as though not quite sure of being perfect mistress of her resources; but her singing always reveals the art of a well-studied musician, just as her enunciation of words reveals the best training in the best school. Where she transposes it is inevitable; but as others (including Madame Grisi) have transposed this and that piece in this and that opera before her, it is hard to arraign Madame Galetti for such a license, as if for high treason. That she will ever take the town by storm, that she will ever be accepted as the legitimate successor of Madame Grisi is, we think, out of the question; but those who admire good singing in a good school, and appreciate acting instinct, if not with power, at least with poetic feeling, can hardly be otherwise than gratified with Madame Galetti, in one of those Italian parts with which her name is most favorably associated.

Signor Brignoli, although a somewhat undramatic Ferdinando, sings the music admirably, and is equally effective with the opening air, "Un Angelo, un genio d'amore," where Ferdinando describes to Baldassare his first meeting with Leonora, and with the more famous and still more beautiful *romanza*, "Angiol d'amore," in the scene of the Cloisters, where he pathetically laments his lost illusion. In both the rich quality of Signor Brignoli's voice, combined with his expressive and, at the same time, wholly unaffected style, create an unmistakable impression, and the last is asked for again as a matter of course. This gentleman is a really valuable addition to Mr. Gye's company. Of Signor Graziani's Alphonso, as of Signor Tagliafico's Baldassare, we have spoken more than once. Madame Tagliafico is again the representative of Inez. *La Favorita* exhibits its wonted magnificence of scenery and decoration; Mr. Costa and his noble band display their accustomed excellence; the ballet *divertissement* of the second act owes its usual attraction to the extremely graceful dancing of Mdlle. Salvioni; and the concluding *tableau* is still in its way unique.

Don Pasquale, Donizetti's second best *opera buffa*, was revived on Saturday night, after having been two years laid on the shelf. Not a season should be allowed to pass without bringing forward a work so full of genuine melody and sprightly humor. "*Fugaces anni labuntur*." How long will it be possible for the admirers of legitimate Italian opera to hear the music of Ernesto sung as it was sung by Signor Mario on Saturday?—or to witness so easy, graceful, and natural an embodiment of a part which, in the hands of most tenors—until the popular serenade, "Com'è gentil," in the last scene, and the love-duet with Norina, immediately following, apprise the audience that Ernesto was intended for something else than a mere walking gentleman—is an insignificant nonentity? Nothing could be more refined than Signor Mario's delivery of the serenade on this occasion, nothing more expressive than that of the duet ("Tornami a dir che m'ami"), where, in Mdlle. Adelina Patti, he found a truly sympathetic partner. While both were warmly applauded, the serenade was enthusiastically called for again. In short, the audience were delighted once more to greet the most gifted and accomplished of Italian tenors in a part which he has made his own, and in which he has yet to find an acceptable substitute. Why Signor Mario should have resigned Ernesto, in 1863, to Signor Naudin, we are at a loss to explain. The Norina of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, so greatly praised in 1862, when she first essayed the character, with Mario as Ernesto, so universally extolled in 1863, when her Ernesto was transformed from a Mario to a Naudin, has now ripened into such absolute perfection that it may fairly be ranked, whether judged from a musical or a dramatic point of view, with her most finished assumptions—even with her peerless Adina. A more engaging and irresistible young widow has rarely fascinated, tortured, and enjoyed a sensitive bachelor of mature age, who ought to know better, but, transfixed at first sight, finds resistance out of the question. Every scene belongs to real and life-like comedy. The rehearsal with Dr. Malatesta (Act I.), in which the scheming votary of Esculapius teaches Norina the arts she is to practise in her expected interview with Don Pasquale; the interview itself (Act II.), where she assumes a shyness and extreme modesty that, even before she lifts her veil, fairly wins the heart of the amorous old gentleman; the sequel, when, the cheating contract signed and sealed before the Notary, her object being attained, she casts away all reserve and begins to act a new part in the comedy, to the astonishment and dismay of her sexagenarian would-be spouse, were alike faultless, brimful of vivacity, and marked by a peculiar piquancy that imparts strong individuality to everything Mdlle. Patti attempts. But the culminating point was the scene in the next act, where Norina's simulated extravagance passes all bounds, and her saucy admonition to the imaginary Benedict, who objects to her going to the theatre without him—

"Va a letto, bel Nonno,
Sia cheto li tuo sonno!"

maliciously heightened by the sequel, that she will awake him time enough in the morning—drives the perplexed and crest-fallen gentleman to such despair that he instinctively cries out for a divorce:—

"Divorzio! divorzio!
Che letto! che sposa!"

The pert and saucy insolence with which the admonition was delivered, and the look Norina gives as she makes her exit through the folding-door, with seeming thoughtlessness dropping the note, the discovery of which by Don Pasquale ultimately unravels the mystery, and leads to the *denouement*, were inimitable. Throughout all this the singing of Mdlle. Patti was as animated, brilliant, finished, and to the point as her acting was irreproachable. To the duet in the garden scene we have alluded. The *finale* was Donizetti's own, the florid air, "La moral, di tutto questo," which could hardly be improved, and which certainly was never given with more intelligent archness and delightful vocal fluency. Seldom has a performance of the highest merit been more generally and heartily appreciated.

This time Mdlle. Patti was associated, not only with an Ernesto, but with a Don Pasquale, worthy of her. If, as it is stated, Signor Ronconi never played this last named part before, it is indeed surprising, for more admirably played it has never been in our remembrance. Signor Ronconi's conception of the character is entirely his own, and he wisely refrains from imitating any of those "*jeux d'humour*" by which the very remarkable impersonation of the late Signor Lablache is still remembered. Nor does he adopt the extraordinary costume of Lablache, "*in gran gala*," which, as he could not possibly look like Lablache, is another proof of sagacity. There is nothing, indeed, at all extraordinary in Signor Ronconi's dress. But the humour of the new Don Pasquale is more subtle than that of his great predecessor, and his entire assumption is one of the most finished pieces of comedy imaginable. In the earlier scenes he is as easy, unobtrusive, and natural as the most ordinary old bachelor could be depicted. His first interview with Norina is extremely droll and diverting; but where the grand comedian is prominently shown is when Norina, having cast aside the mask, appears in her true colours. The change gradually wrought in Don Pasquale

from this point is represented with consummate ability. At first incredulous and *insouciant*, then somewhat annoyed, then vexed beyond endurance, and, lastly, urged to desperation by the slap in the face (Act III.) administered with such provoking petulance by his rebellious spouse—in each shifting phase of the situation Signor Ronconi is true to nature, and, while comic throughout, is earnest, forcible, and impressive. At the climax his comedy becomes almost tragic, so deep is the emotion exhibited, and never has the famous soliloquy after reading the letter, which Norina has advisedly let drop, been so powerfully delivered. The reading itself, the voice becoming choked as it goes on, the effect produced on the mind of Don Pasquale, the sobs that involuntarily break forth, and the ultimate exclamation—

"O cprepare, O finirla ad ogni costa!"

—after his convulsive admonition to the servants to go for Dr. Malatesta, were part and parcel of as fine a piece of acting as has been witnessed for many years, on the Italian or any other stage. The want of depth in Signor Ronconi's voice occasionally militated against the effect of the concerted music, and more especially in the famous quartet (Act II.), with which composers of fantasias for the pianoforte, from Liszt downwards, have made such havoc; but this was the only drawback to a performance in all other respects irreproachable. A better Malatesta than M. Gassier, one who can sing the music with more ready volubility, or portray the character with more easy *nonchalance*, could hardly be found in the present day. Nothing could be more diverting and well kept up than the conference duet (Act III.) with Don Pasquale. Indeed, the whole performance was as good as could be wished; the audience were pleased beyond measure; and when, after the descent of the curtain, Norina, Ernesto, Pasquale and Malatesta were unanimously summoned before the lamps, it was as unanimously felt that the compliment had been legitimately earned.

The operas for the current week are *Faust e Margherita* (to-night), *Don Giovanni* (to-morrow), *Il Barbiere* (Thursday), and *Don Pasquale* (Saturday).

HANDEL FESTIVAL RETROSPECT.

No. 1. (From "The Reader.")

The *Israel in Egypt* which concluded the Handel Festival, yesterday week, was, without doubt, the grandest musical performance which the world has ever seen or heard. The memory of that amazing music as it was sung by that wonderful chorus will be a thing to haunt, for many a long day, the imaginations of those who were wise enough to go and hear it. All the drawbacks of which we have before spoken were there, but from the nature of the work, and some other circumstances, they were felt so little, that they made a very slight deduction from the sublimity of the result. Of the measure and degree of that sublimity it would be vain to try to give any estimate in words. Nor is it much use to speculate as to how much of it was due to the intrinsic power of the music and how much to the grandeur of the performance. No music needs splendour of execution less than Handel's to make its power felt. It will sound sublime even when poorly, weakly, badly done; its greatness is perhaps never more convincing than when the material means employed are of the slightest, or even when there is no material presentment of it at all, when it is merely "read" by the eye from the printed page to the inner ear, just as a big mountain never seems so imperial as when seen dimly on the horizon from afar. But the impression left by the festival "Israel" was of a different kind to this. It was overwhelming and indescribable. Chorus after chorus came pealing out with a stateliness and majesty which seemed to give a new life to the familiar music, a new emphasis to its grandeur, and new tenderness to its pathos. For, never certainly can the antithesis between force and sweetness, terror and beauty, have been more wonderfully manifested in music. Perhaps what most helped to make this marvellous effect was the entire absence of all appearance of effort on the part of the performers. As the eye rested on such a host of singers, it seemed impossible to think of them otherwise than as making one huge instrument, which sounded at its director's will. One missed the fuss and flutter of ordinary orchestras. A certain sense of repose was never absent. The vast chorus seemed calm even in its grandest bursts of power, just as it seemed never stronger than in its lightest pianissimo. *Israel* is full of points which brought out these wonderful characteristics. The prodigious unison, to quote one example, which announces the coming of the plague of flies, "He spake the word," sounded supernaturally grand. Equally wonderful for its pathetic loveliness was the sweet strain, "He led them like sheep." The long-sustained notes, held successively by the soprano and alto parts in this chorus, made an effect which will dwell in the memory as one of the loveliest ever heard by mortal ears. But it was chiefly, as it seemed to us, in the second part of the oratorio—the Exodus-hymn—that the colossal power and beauty of the chorus were most felt. "The depths have covered them," "Thy right hand, O Lord," "And with the blast of Thy nostrils"—of these and one or

two more choruses the effect was stupendous. We can but take refuge again in negation, and say it was indescribable. And of "The horse and his rider," which begins and ends the hymn of triumph, and which perhaps to most hearers seemed to reach the crowning point of musical glory, we can say no more. The splendid success of the last day's singing was mainly due, no doubt, to the effect of the three day's previous practice. There was little enough to find fault with before, but by the end of the Festival the signs of timidity which marked the first attempts of the gigantic chorus had wholly disappeared. The conductor had thorough command of the whole body. It answered to the beat with a springiness of accent, if one may use the term, which showed that every component unit was under the government of that magical baton; that every one was singing completely at his ease. The admirable skill of Mr. Costa has been, indeed, in the way of personal distinction, the most conspicuous feature in the whole festival. If we are obliged to dissent from some points of what we may call his principles of editorship, it is the more incumbent on us to pay due acknowledgment to his splendid conducting. Neapolitan as he is, representing by birth and education schools of music the very remotest from all that English Handel-worship has to do with, he has yet conferred signal service on the national music of England. If we can claim, and we fairly can, to be now taking the lead in Europe in the matter of choral singing, the distinction is due in no small degree to the society which was wise enough, forgetting national prejudices, to put itself under the guidance of the most skilful conductor of orchestral music. To that happy choice the society mainly owes whatever success it has had. It is as well to recollect this, when witnessing such consummate leadership as Mr. Costa has been displaying in his place of command at Sydenham. The public behind a conductor is apt to forget that the less he seems to be doing, the more he is really doing or has done. Only by long years of patient discipline could the nucleus of that chorus have been brought so thoroughly into hand. The whole annals of music probably can show no more wonderful instance of successful organization than the singing of this great multitude, for the first time together. The easy way in which, on the very first day, they fell into their places, and were presently singing as steadily as if they had been practising for months, was a marvel to see. And upon the last day especially, choruses of extreme difficulty, such as "The people shall hear," were sung with a degree of steadiness and freedom such as have never been reached within our hearing by the Sacred Harmonic Society or any other choir.

Of the solo singing during the festival much might be written, but it would be chiefly a repetition of old eulogies. If the gathering of 1865 has any place in the history of English music, it will have to be recorded that the honors fell to two English singers, Mr. Reeves and Mr. Santley. Of Mdle. Patti's performance it may be enough to say that she made her little voice heard to better effect in this large building than anyone had anticipated, and sang the oratorio music of Handel in a style which was as faultless, vocally speaking, as it was admirable for simplicity and earnestness. Two persons alone excepted—Mdle. Titiens and Madame Goldschmidt—we knew not who could have better filled the place of first soprano.

Of the musical success of the Festival, this much must suffice. It is not a fraction of what might be easily written of an event so interesting. It is said that the undertaking was virtually a failure in a pecuniary sense, though a nominal surplus is shown. If this be so, every one will be sorry, but few need wonder. The expense of such music as this is necessarily enormous, and who is to pay for it? Not the middle class, for they cannot afford the cost; not the upper, for they do not care about the music. We do not see how such demonstrations are to be made to "pay," unless means can be found for making the music audible to larger multitudes than have yet been attracted to the Crystal Palace. If this could be done, and the prices reduced to one-fourth of the present scale, the cost might be met easily enough; but of the first condition being reached, there seems at present but slight chance. On the whole, it would seem to be more reasonable to be content with a decennial celebration, which should be really a "festival." This gathering has had nothing festival about it. The "commercial" impulse has been the motive of the undertaking. Grand music has been produced, but the sentiment of Handel-worship has had little or nothing to do with it. The public, moreover, do not like puffing, and the puffing in this case has gone beyond all ordinary bounds. The thing has been over-advertised. Advertising may answer with dwarfs and tumblers, but a "Handel Festival" should be above it. You cannot advertise people into enthusiasm. A decent amount of publicity, and less of the gratuitous trumpeting which begets suspicion, would probably have answered better. As it is, the musical people of England have to thank the Crystal Palace Company for a magnificent display, which has been musically an honor to the country. There would have been more reason to sympathize with a partial failure, if a great name had not been dragged through mud puffery to swell a dividend.

THE BAND OF THE COMMISSIONAIRES.

For three consecutive years the band of the Corps of Commissionaires enlivened the frequenters of St. James's Park on summer and early autumn evenings, from half-past six till dusk, with performances of music, which, considering the destitute state of this huge capital in all such healthy and exhilarating out-door recreation, were worthy the attention, not only of the musically ignorant—to whom, as a tree was to Wordsworth's Peter Bell a tree and nothing more, so a sound, musical or otherwise, is a sound and nothing more—but to genial lovers of the art, and even to connoisseurs. These performances took place in the Cambridge Enclosure, behind Spring Gardens, the charge for admission being 3d. They gave delight to thousands who might have been much less innocently and much less profitably employed. Nevertheless, so easy and legitimate a means of dispensing amusement to the humbler classes of society, who cannot afford to attend the Philharmonic Concerts, nor even to pay a shilling to hear the quartets and sonatas at Mr. Arthur Chappell's excellent institution in St. James's Hall, and who yet, having ears attuned to harmony, would prefer a military band in the open air to the combined and more intoxicating stimulants of music, tobacco, and "grog" at the Oxford or Canterbury Hall, caused serious umbrage in certain quarters. Two or three of the most influential residents in the immediate vicinity of the Cambridge Enclosure, disturbed by the perhaps, now and then, audibly-expressed satisfaction of large numbers of their less fortunate fellow countrymen and creatures, made such violent opposition to the further extension of the privilege that the Chief Commissioner of Public Works withdrew the permission he had accorded for three years—and which had been attended with extremely beneficial results—for the occupation of the Cambridge Enclosure by the band of the Corps of Commissionaires. The chance was, therefore, that this summer and autumn their pleasant performances would be no longer heard, and that again no more within the precincts of a capital city, almost as large and quite as populous as many a petty kingdom or principality, the sound of a military band would cease to exist for the inhabitants.

The spot where the Commissionaires now assemble is pretty generally known as "the Gladstone Clump," from which many may be disposed to guess, what actually is the case, that it was in a great measure due to the active personal influence of our illustrious Chancellor of the Exchequer that St. James's Park is still open to them. The "Clump" is situated under some large trees, affording an agreeable shade, and enlivened by a picturesque view of the Victoria Tower and other conspicuous monuments in the neighbourhood. It is exactly in the rear of Carlton Terrace, and about 200 yards south-west of the Duke of York's column. A better site could scarcely have been chosen, seeing that it lies in the centre of London, close to the principal hotels, and is especially convenient to those who may not feel inclined to walk more than a mile in order to enjoy the fresh air and open expanse of the other West-end Parks. At the performance we attended, the band played the programme subjoined:—

PART I.			
March—"Faust of Marguerite"	Gounod.
Overture—"Diavolo"	Auber.
Valse—"Abschied von München"	Gungl.
Grand Selection—"Il Barbiere"	Rossini.
War March—"Athalie"	Mendelssohn.
PART II.			
Selection—"Martha"	Donizetti.
Quadrille—"La Circassienne"	Schmuck.
L'Orologio (Scherzo)	Arditi.
Polka—"Smia Annandale"	Wymmer.
Galop—"Forward!"	Kühner.
God Save the Queen.			

The band, as we have before stated, consists of musicians who have completed their service in the army, and who have thus a twofold claim on public sympathy. The master, Herr Schmück, received his diploma from the best school of its kind in Europe—the Conservatoire at Vienna. But these things apart, the band requires no apology. It is well balanced as to tone, the solo instruments are very good, the conductor is thoroughly up to his work, and the performances are really correct and spirited. Among the most striking things on the occasion under notice was the war march of the Levites, from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, which pompous and splendid piece was executed with remarkable vigour and precision. The selection from Rossini's admirable *Il Barbiere* was also welcome; the quadrille from Auber's comic opera *La Circassienne* showed that Herr Schmück can select and put together as well as lead; and nothing could be more effective than the arrangement of Signor Arditi's sparkling *Scherzo* "L'Orologio." In short, the whole was a musical entertainment of fair pretensions, such as thousands ought to be able to listen to with pleasure and advantage.

To conclude, we are of opinion that this is a movement meriting general countenance and support. The expense of maintaining a large band is considerable. The area enclosed by the temporary fence,

within the boundaries of which visitors are admitted at the nominal charge of 3d., and 1d. for a programme, should they feel disposed to purchase one, might advantageously be widened, light and non-intoxicating refreshments, such as ices, lemonade, &c., be sold within the enclosure, and (not to enter more minutely into details), a convenient platform be erected for the band. All this, and much more, is readily practicable with a little extrinsic aid. Abroad there would be no difficulty. Such a movement would not merely be encouraged by private contributions, but materially assisted by Government patronage. True, we hardly expect our parks and enclosures to exhibit the decorous liveliness of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, nor the habits and manners of the London population precisely to assimilate with those of the populations of Paris, Vienna, and Brussels; but, seeing it cannot be denied that those points in which our Continental friends plainly show their superiority are very largely attributable to the facilities allowed them of listening to music and attending other rational entertainments, at almost nominal charges, there can be no harm in drawing the attention of the intelligent public to any and every source through means of which, if adequately recommended, our lower orders may be enticed away from the gin-palace and the beer-shop. That such performances as that of the Corps of Commissionaires could effect much towards so desirable an end we are convinced; and for this reason alone we have devoted so much space to the subject. A more decently-behaved company than that within—or, indeed, than that without—the fence enclosing "the Gladstone Clump" we never saw; nor can we conceive any urgent reason why the performances should of necessity be brought so early to a conclusion. It is precisely during an hour or so later that the attractions they offer would be calculated to serve with most decided benefit in the direction to which we have alluded.

MUSIC IN MOSCOW.*

After an existence of several years, our Italian Opera has sunk into its last sleep. The cause of this was a sudden order of the Minister, Count Adlerberg, acting in obedience to Imperial commands. In direct opposition to what has been the case with the Russian Society of Music, which, since it was founded fifteen years ago, has gone on prospering from year to year, and now possesses a considerable capital, which the members intend devoting to the establishment of a Conservatory, the interest for Verdi and his fellows has continued to diminish more and more. While, for the first year that Italian Opera existed, the subscription amounted to more than 80,000 roubles, scarcely 25,000 could be collected on the last occasion, and during none of the intervening years did it ever attain the sum first named. The deficit this year was no less than 220,000 roubles; this was rather too much for the head management at St. Petersburg, so for some time to come we shall have to content ourselves with the Russian Opera alone, which, at present, is not in good hands. Everything here emanates from the impure spring of a system of coteries and patronage, the consequence being that all genuinely artistic efforts are useless. Instead of the vacant post of conductor at the Russian Opera being given to Nicholas Rubinstein, who, both as a native of Moscow and an accomplished musician, was admirably adapted in every respect for it, it has been conferred upon an obscure individual called Schramek, of whose very existence no one had previously heard a word, and who, at the first performance of *Der Freischütz* took all the *tempi* nearly half as slowly again as they should have been taken. It has been subsequently ascertained that he possesses the patronage of a *persona grata* in St. Petersburg. The post of Manager was bestowed upon the holder of the title of "Excellency" (*conditio sine qua non*) of whom all that people know is that he was once Attaché of the Embassy in Athens, but who probably understands no more of music than a blind man understands of color. Finally, the post of chief stage-manager was given to a man who at least knows how to ingratiate himself with the ladies, thanks to his exceedingly handsome appearance, but who formerly filled a situation which has as much in common with his present one as the trade of a pastrycook has with the profession of a railway engineer.

In the series of ten Subscription Concerts, among the artists who appeared, Nicholas Rubinstein played Liszt's first Concerto; Anton Door, Litolf's Concerto Symphonique in C minor; and Joseph Wieniawski, brother of the St. Petersburg soloist, a Pianoforte Concerto of his own, displaying great talent. It is exceedingly well scored, but the effect is weakened by its very great length. At the tenth Concert, we heard Schumann's *Requiem*, which had been very carefully rehearsed. Notwithstanding that some of the pieces taken separately were highly interesting, the performers could not produce any lasting impression with it, because the coloring of each piece corresponds exactly to that of the preceding, and the whole is in consequence rather monotonous. At the same concert, Laub performed Beet-

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

hoven's Concerto, and Ernst's *Ungarische Lieder* with so much success, that every place was taken beforehand for his two concerts given shortly afterwards at the theatre; these two concerts were the most lucrative of the season. Nicholas Rubinstein, also, gave a well attended concert, at which he played Bach's D minor Concerto, and five small pieces by Chopin, Schumann, and his brother, while, at the close of the season, Anton Door gave his annual concert, at which he took part with Laub in Beethoven's C minor Concerto; and with Rubinstein in Variations for two Pianos by Ernst Rudolf, besides performing some smaller things by Hans Seeling, Anton Rubinstein, and others.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

(From the Vienna "Presse.")

It must, at any rate, be acknowledged that the performance of this work (on the 10th and 13th June) is one of the most important facts in the history of civilization and of art. Physiology is enabled by this event to adopt a trustworthy standard, as to what human lungs, throats, ears, and nerves are capable of enduring now-a-days; psychologists may deduce from it a theory as to the height delusion may reach; while certain and important information as to its nature and mission is thrown upon the art involved. We now know, by our own ears and our own eyes, what a German is capable of making of his music, and we may, with good reason, address to our composing compatriots a fervent prayer not to show us again what they can do, at least not in such a form and such a manner; we will willingly renounce "the Highest and Profoundest in art," if it cannot be exhibited except according to the system of *Tristan* melodies.

It is, at any rate, an important fact that the much discussed problem has been brought to a solution. By a most peculiar concatenation of circumstances it so happened that this remarkable event was consummated within the walls of a city which, though celebrated far and wide as the metropolis of Germany for the plastic arts, has hitherto, despite admirable resources and great things done, played no prominent part in music. In this place, which exhibits so little partiality for the extreme tendencies of new romanticism, that it is still opposed even to Schumann's style, in this place, the party of the Future have accidentally found their last hold. On the stage here, the work has been performed with such perfection, and such an expenditure of industry and means, under the direction of the author himself, that our judgment may be unconditionally stated. Munich has spoken, and its words have proved that the Futurist theories, carried out to their utmost limits, possess indeed a future, but only, let the reader especially observe, for *Munich and its suburbs*. The public not only applauded frantically, but, in the course of the evening, called no less than four times for the author, Wagner, whom a few days previously they wanted to insult, and whom, throughout the winter, they ill-used in every possible way, and Wagner was amiable enough to appear three times. It was the second performance, indeed, which decided the affair, for, at the first, Isolde's father did not dare to present his daughter to the public without giving her a dowry of 300 orders; on the second evening, however, I heard only of 50 free admissions sent to the University, in addition to the heavy tribute *Tristan* was obliged to pay his numerous patrons. This was the reason, perhaps, why, at the second performance, such large gaps were to be seen among the spectators. On the evening of the first performance, people were astonished at observing the sparse attendance in the pit, and the almost empty state of the galleries, which only filled a little during the course of the piece. This circumstance was explained the following day by a report that there was to have been a particular demonstration against Herr von Bülow, but the police received timely intimation of it.

The public feeling and the attitude of affairs previously to the performance at Munich may be compared to the state of things in Paris, at the time of the Gluckists and Picinists; but in one particular, the resemblance to the musical revolution of Paris does not hold good. The Gluckists and Anti-Gluckists bantered each other tremendously; fought; blackguarded; hissed one another, but we never heard anything of a regularly arranged performance, and never did the French take the signal for applause from the *Royal box*. Every land has, indeed, its own customs.

With regard to the music, it is asserted that, among other things: Despite all this, the seal of unusual and genial vigor is impressed upon this repulsive work. Many passages and accents of great beauty gleam brilliantly, like friendly stars, from out the sombre chaos of tone, and excite a feeling of painful regret that the composer, led astray by a craving for originality, should have turned from the pure ideal of his art. Every good judge, if he would be sincere, must confess that the libretto of *Tristan*, apart from its exceptionable tendency, is worked out industriously and lovingly, and, on the whole, is a masterpiece. The poet in Wagner has spoilt the musician; it is that out-and-out rascal,

the poet, whom we have to thank for the fact that the composer, whose mission it perhaps was to give German musical-drama its natural, and national form, presented us, on the 10th June, with a sick *Tristan*, who, at best, repays us in hard wearisomeness.

The more do the artists, who were compelled to waste their energies upon so thankless a work, merit our best acknowledgements. The performance of Herr and Madame Schnorr, as *Tristan* and *Isolde*, stood out in really brilliant perfection; equal to them, as far as singing went, was Herr Mitterwurger, as *Kurwenal*, though he was at times rather exaggerated in his acting; Herr Zottmayer, could not do justice to that pitiable being, King Marke, though he must be commended for that very desirable quality, a clear pronunciation. Finally, Mdle. Deinet was very pleasing as *Brangäne*. The orchestra, under the wonderful conducting of Herr von Bülow, rivalled the singers in their zealous exertions, while the management got the piece up with an amount of brilliancy and good taste worthy of something better.

Tristan's earthly career may be short, but it has, at any rate, been brilliant, and the hero has really repaid with interest what he cost, for he has procured the Munich people the joy of "world-escaped rapture," a joy that money cannot purchase.

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Dr.		CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.					
To CAPITAL, viz.—							
4,137	£5 Shares,...	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1,023	Ordinary, ...	20,115	0	0			
114	Preference, ...	570	0	0			
					20,685	0	0
Less Amount uncalled,—							
Ordinary,	4,023	0	0			
Preference,	228	0	0			
Less fully paid up,—							
Ordinary, ...	1,227 10 0						
Preference	58 0 0						
		1,285	10	0			
					£2,965	10	0
Add—Arrears of Calls,—							
Ordinary,	1,377	15	0			
Preference,	13	0	0			
					£1,390	15	0
To Creditors,—							
For Cash,	4,000	0	0			
„ Goods,	1,388	1	9			
					5,388	1	9
To Liability on "L'Africaine,"		500	0	0	
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We have examined the Balance-Sheet, and found the same quite correct,

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(SHORT ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.)

CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment
 (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect
 (melodic and rhythmic).

CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression which mental sentiment involves, is met in
 the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works.

CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of
 Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art.

CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan
 of Opera should be based.

CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or
 Grand Cantata, should be based.

CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his
 time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate
 the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say,
 such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music, calculated to
 prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit
 musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental
 analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of
 insuring safe publication.

The promise of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready
 would constitute this means; and as this is all that is necessary for the immediate
 production of the book, the author urgently solicits all who feel willing to support
 it, not to delay communicating with him to that effect.

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LUKE TROUBLE.—The acrostic on "Laura Harris" arrived too late
 for insertion this week, but will appear in our next.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

SIR,—Herr von Köchel, the respected editor of the Thematic
 Mozart-Catalogue, has just published, at Beck's University
 Library, Vienna, "Eighty-three Letters of Beethoven," addressed
 by the composer, between 1812 and 1823, to his patron and pupil,
 the Archduke Rudolph, Cardinal Archbishop of Olmütz. These
 letters were found among the papers left by the Archduke Ludwig

Joseph, who died on the 21st December, 1864. They became the
 property of his heir, the Archduke Leopold, who, at the request of
 Herr von Sailer, formerly burgomaster, and of Dr. Sonnenleithner,
 gave his permission for their publication. So much for the origin
 of the present pamphlet, which is got up with an amount of care
 and elegance reflecting credit upon the publishers.

With regard to the intrinsic value of the discovery, it consists
 principally, perhaps, in the fact that the letters emanate from
 Beethoven. Important views upon art, and opinions displaying
 Beethoven's intellect, or supplying materials enabling us to form
 an idea of his character, the reader will not find in these documents,
 which treat mostly of material subjects or the state of the writer's
 bodily health. Most of the letters are excuses for having, through
 illness, failed to put in an appearance (for the purpose, probably,
 of giving lessons, to which, as we all know, Beethoven was not at
 partial). We learn that Beethoven suffered at one time from
 fever, at another from the jaundice, and at another from
 pains in the eyes; it is a remarkable fact, however, that, throughout
 the whole correspondence, there is not a syllable about his principal
 complaint, deafness. But, however insignificant most of the
 letters are as far as regards their purport, taken as a whole they
 throw an important light upon the really large-hearted kindness
 shown by the Archduke Rudolph to Beethoven. Speaking of the
 relations of the two towards each other, the editor says:—

"This connection was based upon mutual necessity and concessions,
 and stood, therefore, upon a permanent foundation; Beethoven gave
 no less than he received, while the Archduke accepted and granted.
 Beethoven knew that the works of his mind were appreciated and
 enjoyed by the impressionable prince who himself wrote; it must,
 therefore, have afforded him the purest pleasure to present each newly-
 created work to the Archduke, certain that it would be received in the
 most friendly and appreciative manner; he knew, too, that his musical
 influence excited the Archduke to write original compositions, of no
 ordinary kind, and he often, very emphatically, expresses his delight
 and satisfaction at this. But Beethoven had many wants, and these
 the Archduke endeavored to satisfy with as much perseverance as
 gentleness. Though it is to be regretted, as far as regards our
 obtaining a clear insight into the relations between the two, that only
 a single letter has been published out of all the Archduke's replies,
 still that one letter enables us to form an idea—and we can even read
 it still better between the lines of Beethoven's own correspondence—
 what allowances the Archduke made for Beethoven's angular peculiar-
 ities, which rendered it, even for his most intimate friends, such a
 difficult task to maintain a good understanding with him. If we
 reflect that, supposing the statement in Thayer's Chronological
 Catalogue of Beethoven's Works to be correct, Beethoven's connection
 with the Archduke existed as far back as 1805, and it is proved to
 have continued till his death, it is apparent how indispensable each
 had become to the other, and then, if we throw into the scale Beet-
 hoven's feeling of suspicion, which increased with his deafness and
 failing health, and his isolation of himself, we shall have no difficulty
 in coming to a conclusion as to which side it was, on which, at a
 subsequent period, the concessions were most numerous."

We are involuntarily reminded of the analogous connection
 between Göthe and his princely friend.

The fact that the Archduke carefully preserved, even after the
 composer's decease, every letter, even such as were most trivial
 and could be considered valuable only because they emanated from
 Beethoven, is of itself a striking proof how greatly he prized
 everything belonging to the illustrious musician.

Among the business matters to which Beethoven frequently
 alludes in these letters, the principal are the affair about the
 pension, and the negotiations concerning the guardianship of his
 nephew. We will add a few words for the better comprehension
 of these two subjects.

In the year 1809, Beethoven received an offer from Westphalia.
 As soon as the fact was generally known, measures were taken, in
 the dread that Vienna would lose so great a master, to dissuade
 him from accepting the offer, and, for this purpose, three lovers of
 art, belonging to the first rank, offered, without asking for any-

thing in return, to pay a yearly pension of 4,000 florins, in bank-notes, the Archduke Rodolph rendering himself, by a written declaration, liable, from 1809, for 15,000 florins every year; Prince Ferdinand Franz Joseph Kinsky for 1,800 florins, and Prince Franz Joseph Lobkowitz, for 700 florins. In consequence of the eventful proclamation or "Patent" of 1811, bank-notes fell to a fifth of their nominal value and all agreements made in previous years (as, in this instance, in 1809) were calculated according to a certain scale. Meanwhile, immediately after the publication of the Patent, the Archduke Rodolph and Prince Lobkowitz declared themselves perfectly ready to pay in redemption-notes the sum they had promised in bank-notes; Prince Kinsky, too, promised to contribute his share on the same conditions, but he suddenly died, on the 3rd November, 1812, of a fall from his horse before he had given his cashier the orders requisite for carrying out his promise. From this arose the wearisome negotiations with the trustees of the deceased prince, in Vienna and Prague, which, after the lapse of many years were finally settled by Beethoven's receiving, as an annuity from the family, the sum of 480 florins in silver, while the Archduke continued to pay to the day of Beethoven's death 600 florins in silver as the equivalent of the 1500 florins redemption-notes he had promised.

The above 1080 florins in silver Beethoven received to his dying day. The pension promised by Prince Lobkowitz, and amounting to about 280 florins cash, was, it is true, stopt on the occasion of a great crisis in the Prince's finances, somewhere about the year 1815, but it was resumed at the beginning of 1816, and, after the Prince's death, 26th December, 1816, paid by his trustees as long as Beethoven lived. Thus Beethoven received an annuity for life of 1360 florins in silver.

The second matter which occasioned Beethoven great worry was the guardianship of his nephew Carl, son of his brother of the same name, which brother died on the 15th November, 1815. In the first place Beethoven had an action at law, extending over several years, about his assumption of the guardianship, with his brother's widow, of whom he spoke in very harsh terms, and whose influence upon the young man he declared to be absolutely ruinous. Then, it was the very individual committed to his care who caused him endless anxiety and profound sorrow. The youth, gifted and thoughtless, returned with contemptuous ingratitude the self-sacrificing love of his uncle and guardian, and yet the latter, after all, made him his heir.

(To be continued.)

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA left London on Thursday for Vienna, where she is expected to sing at the Karn-thor on Saturday. Miss Laura Harris will succeed Mdle. de Murska as the Queen of Night in the *Flauto Magico*.

DR. GUNZ has gone to Vienna, but will return for the Gloucester festival. His place in the *Flauto Magico* was taken on Tuesday evening by Signor Gardoni, who sang the music of Tamino most admirably.

WAGNER CARTOONS.—The King of Bavaria recently gave orders to the first artists in Munich to produce a certain number of cartoons, which should represent scenes from the various operas of Herr Wagner. Some have already been photographed. The cartoons are said to be five feet in height and to have a beautiful effect. His Majesty, the most enthusiastic of all Herr Wagner's admirers, has, it is said on good authority, purchased the score of *Tristan und Isolde* for the sum of 60,000 florins. Of course music for the future should be paid with bills at a long date.

MURDER CONFERS SANCTITY.—"It appears decided," writes the French journal *Le Pays*, "that the Ford Theatre at Washington, where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, will be transformed into a church. A society has been formed for this purpose, and many clergymen, among others, Bishop Simpson, are in treaty for purchase of the property."

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI'S CONCERT.

The potent name of Adelina Patti attracted a crowded audience to St. James's Hall on Wednesday morning week. As far as we remember, Mdle. Patti had never sung in a London concert-room until this occasion, her co-operation in the State concerts at Buckingham Palace and her rare appearances in the Crystal Palace transept not being taken into account. Much interest, therefore, attached to this, the first entertainment given under her name, especially as the programme was so framed as to display her proficiency in every style of music. There is no other living vocalist whose talent, if applied to the illustration of such varied schools, would shine so brightly in all. Indeed, we must search far back in the annals of music to find a parallel to Mdle. Patti. Of her it may be truly said that she "touches nothing which she does not adorn." A sacred air an operatic cavatina, a French romance, and a Scotch ballad, were on Wednesday rendered by her with equally appropriate expression, and with equally brilliant success. We have never heard the "Ave Maria" of Gounod—the *melodie religieuse* which the composer has adapted to the first prelude of Sebastian Bach, and which is so thoroughly characteristic of the future author of *Faust*—given with such perfect vocal skill, and such deep passionate fervour. In striking contrast to this was Mdle. Patti's second solo, the brilliant and sparkling polacca, "Son vergin vezzona," from *I Puritani*—an opera in which she has not hitherto appeared in England. The highest staccato notes introduced into the polacca roused the enthusiasm of the audience, and a repetition, not acceded to, of both airs was loudly demanded. Mdle. Patti's third solo consisted of a very charming romance, composed by the Baroness Willy de Rothschild to an elegant little poem by Arsène Houssaye, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire." Essentially French though the ballad is—in language, idea, and melody—the clever singer gave it as perfectly as though her young life had been all spent in acquiring proficiency in this special style. Again recalled to the platform, she gave as an encore to the French song the thoroughly English melody, "Home, sweet home." Lastly, the Scotch song, "Within a mile of Edinbro' town," was vociferously re-demanded, on which Mdle. Patti substituted for it "Coming thro' the rye," giving both with as much refinement as vivacity and archness. She was also joined by Signori Muro and Brignoli in Mr. Costa's melodious and clever terzetto a canon, "Vanne a colui che adoro." But the most interesting feature of the concert was the duet "Sull' aria," from *Figaro*, in which the charming voices of Mdle. Patti and Mdle. Pauline Lucca were for the first time combined. As a matter of course, the duet was loudly applauded, and repeated with great effect. Mdle. Lucca had only one other opportunity of distinguishing herself; this was in a scena from an opera, *Der Stern von Turan*, written expressly for her by a clever composer who is known by the savoury name of Wurst. In spite of his cognomen, Wurst certainly has talent, and not of the worst, the aria being not merely melodious, but dramatic. Sung with great energy by Mdle. Lucca, it created a strong impression, and was loudly encored. We cannot attempt to recapitulate the whole programme, but must mention that Signor Mario, encored in Schubert's "Adieu," gave in lieu his favorite "Ange si pura," from *La Favorita*, with his wonted charm; that Signor Wachtel chose a clever and characteristic *lied* written for him by the late Marschner, entitled "Der Sonnenschein;" that Mdme. Galetti sang the scena from *La Favorita* in admirable style; and that Mdmes. Fioretti, Frizzi, and Krebs, and Signori Brignoli, Baraldi, Ronconi, Ciampi, Graziani, and Schmid all lent the aid of their voices. The only solo instrumentalist was little Mdle. Krebs, whose brilliant execution and unaffected manner excited the wonder of the audience. We must add that Mr. Sainton played the violin obligato to Gounod's air with masterly effect, and that the harp accompaniment to Mdle. Lucca's air was entrusted to the capable fingers of Mr. John Thomas.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE IN FESTIVAL WEEK.

On one of the intervening days (Thursday, June 29), during the progress of the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace, Mr. William Spark, organist of the Town Hall, Leeds, performed the following pieces on Gray and Davison's great Handel organ:—

Fantasia, B major	Wm. Spark
Adagio, Allegro Moderato, Andante, Finale—Fugue.	
Sonata, C minor, No. 2.	Mendelssohn
Grave, Adagio, Allegro Maestoso, Fuga.	
Air with Variations, "Jerusalem the golden"	Wm. Spark
Introduction and Grand Fugue	J. S. Bach
Andante and Allegro, D major	F. E. Dachs
Grand Offertoire, D minor	Batiste

Both the music and the playing was greatly admired, and thoroughly appreciated by a very numerous audience.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I have to beg pardon of Mr. Weiss, of the Gloucester-road, for miscalling his song, which was the less excusable as I am certain I have heard it in London often, and, if it made no impression on him, I am extremely sorry. There is no doubt about the effect the "Blacksmith" produces on the twelve-penny public. It is a "bould" sledge-hammer tune, and the singer—Mr. Weiss himself—sings it sledge-hammerly. My only objection to it is, that it is bad music. But let that pass. Cheap-price folks like it all the better for being common-place. As for my trying to be witty on the composer and his song, it is *weisse versa*. I write homely, straight-forward, and to the purpose, and never resort to verbal play on words. I have not that Weiss, I mean, vice, to answer for. I fear that argument is lost on Mr. W., who can bluster and bellow much better than he can chop logic and discriminate between truth and satire. But, as he is a true Rossinian bass and a composer "of some water," he shall be pardoned, and, if his palm is not too big, I don't mind shaking hands with him—by proxy. Whether I am to be "shot," or to be "shunted"—now, there's wit for you, if you like—at advisal of Mr. Weiss, it matters little; I am still the friend and admirer of the great English Tamburini, as Mr. E. T. Smith, director, manager and lessee of Astley's Opera-house, calls him.

The first thirty representations of the *Africaine* produced a receipt of 345,807 francs 41 cents, averaging 11,526 francs, 91 cents per night. This is something extraordinary. No doubt Meyerbeer's music increases in attraction as it becomes familiar—that has been the way with all his "Grand" operas; how else account for such crowds in such burning weather and at the worst time of the year. M. Henri Blaze de Bury has just brought out, at the library of Michel Lévy, under the title of *Meyerbeer et son temps*, a new work on the life and compositions of the illustrious author of the *Huguenots*. This work, which has already appeared in the columns of a special journal, has been revised and corrected by the author. Query—is M. Henri Blaze de Bury capable of sounding and analysing the intellect of Meyerbeer? I cannot answer.

"This is the patent age of new inventions," wrote Lord Byron some half century ago, or thereabouts, but, could he have lived in our immediate times, how much more pertinent his exclamation. I went to the Hippodrome a few days since, and saw a grand piano played by steam. It is the invention of Mr. Morris, an American, who has come to Paris to exhibit it to the *dilettanti* of the politest city in the world. It is by no means a slightly instrument, and no one will purchase it for its good looks. It is a curiosity, nevertheless.

The long-promised *reprise* of Hérold's *Marie* at the Opéra-Comique took place on Monday and was a genuine success. Merely stating the fact that the principal parts were sustained by Mdlles. Gerard and Baretti, Mesdames Galli-Marié and Révilly, MM. Charles Achard, Capoul, Nathan and Sainte, Foy, I must reserve all particulars until next week. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, July 12.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—The second concert of the new series was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday afternoon, and attracted a fair attendance. "Beethoven Society," we take it, means a society which gives two quartets, by different composers, and a miscellaneous selection. The quartets on this occasion were Beethoven's—the name of the society must be occasionally referred to—Posthumous, No. 15, in C sharp minor, for strings; and Mendelssohn's in E flat, for ditto; executants in both, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Zerbini, H. Blagrove, and Aylward, insuring, we need hardly say, a highly satisfactory performance for both masterpieces. Mdlle. Paule Gayrard, a young French pianist (*Premier Prix de Conservatoire Impérial*), of whose talents Rossini, himself a "pianist of the fourth class," entertains a very high opinion, played Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, with eminent success. Rossini's "high opinion" was endorsed by all the audience, who applauded the young lady warmly. Mdlle. Gayrard also played a *morceau de concert*, by Field, which also elicited loud acclamations from all parts of the room. The vocal music was entrusted to Mdlle. Louisa Van Noorden—who sang Mozart's "Non mi dir," and a German national song, "Von meinen Bergen;" and Madame Heywood—who gave Haydn's "Spirit Song," and Reisinger's "Lovely Clouds." Of these Reisinger's song appeared to please most. Mr. Frank Mori and M. Edouard de Paris conducted. S. T. T.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, the second performance of *Il Flauto Magico*—greater success for Mozart—greater success for Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, who was rapturously encored in both arias of the Queen of Night.

On Tuesday, for the third time, *Il Flauto Magico*, with Signor Gardoni in place of Dr. Gunz as Tamino. Signor Gardoni greatly applauded and deservedly.

On Wednesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for the benefit and last appearance this season of Mdlle. de Murska. House crowded in every part, and excitement at its highest. Mdlle. de Murska's reception at the end a real enthusiasm. The mad scene sung and acted better than on any former occasion. At the end of the opera she came forward again and sang the air with variations, by Proch, which she originally introduced in the last scene of *Linda*.

On Thursday, *Fidelio*.

To-night, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Madame Harriers Wipern as Amalia, Mdlle. Sarolta (her first appearance) as Oscar, Madame Trebelli as Ulrica, Signor Carrion as the Duke, Mr. Santley as Renato, &c., &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *Don Pasquale*, with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Norina; Signor Mario, Ernesto; M. Gassier, Malatesta; and Signor Ronconi, *Don Pasquale*—his first appearance in the character. For particulars see another column.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*.

On Thursday, the *Barbiere*.

To-night, *Don Pasquale* for the second time.

The *Africaine* is announced for Saturday, the 22nd inst.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday evening, the 26th inst., Mr. Sims Reeves took his benefit, and provided a most attractive entertainment for his admirers, who formed by far the largest audience of the season. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat (Op. 12), the executants being Messrs. Joachim, L. Reiss, H. Webb, and Piatti. It is needless to say that with such performers that splendid masterpiece was played with the utmost precision and intelligence, as was the Quartet of Haydn in D major, No. 20, Op. 4, with which the concert closed. Herr Joachim also played Tartini's sonata, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," a work of wild inspiration and of great difficulty, and Ernst's "Elégie." Madame Arabella Goddard played Sterndale Bennett's three musical sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain," with more than her usual matchless brilliancy and perfection of grace and finish, being rapturously applauded in all three, more particularly in the "Fountain," which few pianists can attempt, much less achieve. Mr. Reeves sang no less than four songs, viz.:—"If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*; "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephthah*; Beethoven's "Adelaida," and "The Message," by Herr Blumenthal. "If with all your hearts" was perfectly sung by Mr. Reeves, whose singing of "Deeper and deeper still" has probably never been excelled. It was simply perfect, and the applause that greeted its conclusion was loud and unanimous. Mr. Reeves repeated the latter part, "Waft her, angels" Beethoven's "Adelaida" was accompanied by Madame Goddard, and is a well-known performance at these concerts, and one of the most popular ever introduced at St. James's Hall. "The Message" was also repeated by unanimous desire. Miss Edmonds contributed Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem" from the *Elijah*, and sang it with great taste and feeling, COVENTRY FISH.

A RIVAL TO RISTORI.—An Italian artiste, not known out of her own country, by name Civili, tragedian and comedian both, is expected at Paris. Rumour states that she has a marvellous talent, and that she excels in all styles.

THE YEARS OF SINGERS.—"Every season," writes the *Signale*, "the years of singers become shorter and shorter. Herr Wachtel is engaged for three years at the Theatre Royal of Berlin, at 10,000 francs a year; but each of these years lasts only six months."

MR. EDWARD MURRAY is appointed manager of the English Opera Company (Limited), Covent Garden.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS has left London for the continent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The want of a competent representative of the character of the Queen of Night has, doubtless, prevented Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, which was so brilliantly revived at Covent Garden in 1851, from keeping its place among the stock operas at Mr. Gye's theatre. With Madame Anna Zerr, a year later, the dark mysterious lady of the hexasyllabic name departed, and was no more heard of. Miss Louisa Pyne tried once to replace the Austrian Court-singer, who lost Court favor and her pension through assisting at a concert in behalf of the Hungarian refugees, but the music did not come so readily within the means of our accomplished English songstress. At length, however, after a lapse of thirteen years, Astrifiamante has returned to London in the person of Mlle. Ilma de Murska, who looks the part better than Madame Zerr, acts it with much more spirit, and sings the music quite as well—nay, if not with such uniform certainty, with still greater energy and characteristic expression.

Il Flauto Magico is not to be criticized in the present day—for two reasons. First, it was composed by Mozart; and, secondly, it is close upon three quarters of a century old. *Die Zauberflöte* was begun at Vienna in July, 1791, finished, according to the composer's own chronological catalogue, in August, and produced, with extraordinary success—Mozart himself directing the performance—at the end of September, little more than two months before his death.* From the same catalogue we learn that the Priest's March and the overture were composed, or at least written down, only two days in advance of the first performance. It is a lucky thing for music that Herr Emanuel Schickaneder found himself at one period on the brink of ruin, and also, though Mozart—then simultaneously occupied with *La Clemenza di Tito*, for Prague, and with the immortal *Requiem*, for an anonymous patron—got nothing in the end by his labor, that the manager, poet, singer, quack, and parasite was on terms of sufficient intimacy to persuade him, even against his will, to set to music one of the queerest farragos ever offered to the consideration of a musical composer. But for these opportune accidents, a rich mine of melody would have been left unworked, and we should never have known how the composer of *Don Giovanni* could give musical life to a tale of enchantment. To describe the plot of Weber's *Oberon* is difficult enough; but that of *Il Flauto Magico* is far more difficult. A bare outline must suffice.

Sarastro, high-priest of the temple of Isis, the Egyptian god, wishes to bring up Pamina, daughter of the Queen of Night, in the faith and mysteries of the true religion, and to train her in the paths of virtue—which, it may be inferred, were not habitually trodden by her maternal parent. To accomplish this end he causes her to be secretly conveyed away from her mother's charge. Tamino, an Egyptian Prince, having seen a portrait of Pamina, falls in love with the unknown original, and tracing her to the temple of Isis, becomes a novice in the *arcana*, with the hope of meeting and gaining possession of the object of his passion. To try his constancy, Sarastro condemns Tamino to a temporary separation from Pamina, and submits him to certain ordeals through which his truth and courage may be tested. Pamina is condemned to similar probations. Both come out victorious, and—despite the arts of Astrifiamante, who, burning to revenge herself on Sarastro for having robbed her of her daughter, endeavors to induce Pamina to kill him and steal the symbol of the sun, which is the magnet of his power—the lovers are found worthy of Isis and of each other. The comic personages are Papageno, a silly egotistical bird-catcher, a Sancho Panza for cowardice and gluttony, who pretending to have slain a serpent from which Tamino's life was in danger, becomes the future sharer of his destiny; Papagena, an old woman, whom Papageno first meets in a forest, and who, on his promising, through fear, to marry her, is suddenly restored to vigorous youth and runs away; and Monostatos, a black, superintendent of the slaves set by Sarastro to watch over Pamina, who betrays his trust and endeavors to seduce his charge. During his adventures in search of Pamina, Tamino is provided with an enchanted flute (*Die Zauberflöte*), by virtue of which he is enabled to give alarm and invoke assistance in all cases of peril; while, on his part, Papageno is furnished with certain musical instruments which, when played upon, transform

anger into mirth, and provoke in every hearer an irresistible desire for dancing. What Mozart has done with this in the first *finale*, where the famous tune generally known as "Away with melancholy" occurs, every musician knows. The subsidiary characters in the drama are three attendants on the Queen of Night, whose mission it is to mislead and betray Tamino; three good genii (in the original German of Schickaneder, boys of the temple), instruments in the designs of Sarastro; Demofonte, an "orator," who interrogates Tamino, when on the point of being initiated into the mysteries of the temple; two priests, the first of whom, in the German text, is probably no other than the "orator," whose apparition is otherwise as inexplicable as his business; and two men in armour (*erste Geharnischter* and *zweite Geharnischter*), who interpret the inscription on the Pyramid previous to Tamino's undergoing, in company with Pamina, the ordeal of the fire and the water.

And out of this jumble of heterogeneous materials, where genii of either sex, black slaves, high-priests, other priests, orators, princes, princesses, bird-catchers, old women, magic flutes, armed men, lions, serpents, &c., are mingled together in inextricable confusion, though Schickaneder, with Mozart to help him, could not make a good libretto, Mozart, in spite of Schickaneder's perpetual interference—which accounts for the few comparatively weak parts in the score—constructed an opera that will be heard with delight as long as music lasts. To criticize, or even attempt to analyse a work that, in spite of its literary trammels, has lived so long, and is so universally esteemed by amateurs as well as musicians, would be wholly out of place. The lighter pieces are familiar to all the world through the medium of the concert room; while the overture is still recognised as the most magnificent orchestral composition of its length and form that the art has produced. Fugue or no fugue, it never fails to delight all hearers—those who can follow and understand its wonderful contrapuntal contrivance, and those who cannot. Among the lighter pieces alluded to, who does not know the first air of Papageno ("Gent è qui l'uccellatore"), with the pipes?—the duet between him and Pamina, "La dove prende" ("The manly heart")?—the last air of Papageno ("Colomba o tortorella"), with the bells?—the two grand airs of the Queen of Night, the first with its touching *adagio*, "Infelice e consolato," the last, "Gli angui di inferno," in which a mother's curse is expressed in such appalling tones, while the extraordinary employment of the highest notes in the *soprano* register is explained by the fact that the personage and situation are both supposed to be supernatural?—the two airs of the High Priest Sarastro, "Possenti numi" (with the chorus and trombones), and "Qui sdegnò" ("In diesen heiligen Hallen"), that divine apostrophe to peace, popular among the most popular of bass songs, and hackneyed to satiety by indifferent bass singers, amateur and professional?—the pathetic outpouring of Pamina, "Ah lo so"?—Tamino's exquisitely melodious address to the portrait of Pamina, "Ah! cara immagine"?—the pretty duet, with chorus, "O cara armonia," where Papageno with his bells makes the slaves of Monostatos dance?—the lively air of Monostatos, "Regna d'amore"?—the comic duet between Papageno and Papagena, with other things too numerous to specify?—who that cares a straw for music is not familiar with them all? For half a century, at least, they have been household melodies in England. Then the individuality with which each of the characters is made to stand out musically apart from the others is as remarkable in this opera as in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. The solemn strains that proceed from the mouths of Sarastro and the Priests of Isis, the levity of the tunes allotted to Papageno, the *bravura* songs of the Queen of Night, the impassioned music sung by the lovers, Tamino and Pamina, have succeeded in imparting vitality to what in the libretto of Schickaneder were at the best but lifeless abstractions. Even the trios of the satellites of the Queen of Night are carefully contrasted with those assigned to the active ministers of Sarastro; and all this marked individuality of character is preserved in the concerted music and "finales," just as clearly as in the solos, duets and trios. The two quintets are masterpieces—that in the first act, where Papageno is obliged to hum the tune with a padlock (reward of lying) attached to his lips, being in Mozart's liveliest and happiest comic vein. The grandest and most elaborate parts of the opera, after the overture, are the introduction to Act 1, where Tamino is pursued by a serpent—a highly expressive piece of dramatic writing; the introduction to Act 2, opening with the solemn March of

* Mozart died on the 5th of December, 1791, aged 36.

Priests; and the last *finale*—which, though hardly more continuous, is immeasurably superior to the first, and comprises, among other things, the beautiful trio for the boys of the Temple, "D'ostro, e Zaffirar," the superb scene of Tamino's initiation, where a grave *corale*, or *canto fermo*, is given to the two armed men with an elaborately wrought fugal accompaniment in the orchestra, and many other noticeable features. In opposition to these are some points absolutely trivial, and, indeed, unworthy of Mozart—so much so as to tempt the hearer to believe that his object was to turn the situations where they occur into contempt and ridicule. Among them may especially be mentioned the flute solo, near the commencement of the first *finale*, and the March, with flute *obligato*, performed while Pamina and Tamino are undergoing purification through the ordeals of the fire and the water. The last of these is positively silly. But so shining a sun may well be pardoned mere specks upon its surface. Moreover, enough has been written about a work which has defied time, which is for the most part generally known to all who take an interest in the musical art, and which was pronounced by Beethoven "Mozart's dramatic masterpiece"—on the ground (difficult for those all but Germans to appreciate) that among Mozart's operas it was the most purely and essentially "German."

Il Flauto Magico is presented at Her Majesty's Theatre in a style that gives little cause for criticism. The cast, with a single exception, is admirable. That exception, it is true, being Sarastro, the High Priest of Isis, becomes one of considerable importance; but the excellence of all the rest goes far to atone for a solitary drawback. Madame Harriers-Wippen (from Berlin), who last year made so favorable an impression as Alice, in Meyerbeer's *Robert*, is a model Pamina, of the true German stamp—intelligent, correct, and effective. Dr. Gunz is just as intelligent, just as correct, and just as German a Tamino. Both sing their most important airs right well, the first especially shining in "Ah! lo so," the last in "Ah! cara imagine." Mr. Santley has surprised no one by his faultless singing, from end to end, of the music allotted to Papageno, but he has surprised many by the liveliness and humour he throws into his histrionic delineation of the character. Few can have forgotten the inimitably odd and quaintly grotesque impersonation of Ronconi at Covent-garden. With this, it may be said at once, Mr. Santley's Papageno has nothing in common; but, on the other hand, he takes a view of his own, which is both diverting and natural, and, accompanied by such singing as his, is more than acceptable. To Mdle. Ilma de Murska we have cursorily alluded. Such extraordinary fire does this very original artist throw into the two great airs of the Queen of the Night, that the audience force her to repeat them both—a task almost unfair to impose on any singer, their trying character and extreme difficulty taken into consideration. But Mdle. de Murska is "a new sensation," and people seem never tired of seeing and hearing her. The minor parts are in competent hands. Signor Stagno is an excellent Monostatos; Signors Bossi, Filippi, and Foli are careful and efficient, as the "Orator" and the Priests of Isis; Mdle. Sinico is as lively a Papageno as could be wished; while the two antagonistic groups—the Queen of the Night's ladies and Sarastro's Genii—are more than adequately represented by Mesdames Redi, Möya, and Trebelli (for the Queen), Mdles. Bauermeister, Zandrina, and Drasdil (for the High Priest). The fact of an artist like Mdle. Trebelli accepting so comparatively unimportant a part merits special recognition. Signor Arditi, his band and his chorus, have won fresh laurels. The overture is grandly executed; the orchestral accompaniments are throughout perfectly given; and the choruses leave nothing to desire. The pompous and superb chorus of priests (Act 2), "Grand 'Isi, grand' Osiri," is one of the most impressive performances we remember. The dresses, decorations, and scenery are worthy of the rest. Rarely has Mr. Telbin been more uniformly happy. The opening scene, a rock or cavern, with overhanging wood, through which is caught a glimpse of the Nile, is well devised for the first apparition of the Queen of the Night, who descends from the clouds on a crescent moon; the second, with its Theban and Egyptian temples, its sphynxes and palm-trees, is in excellent keeping; in the third (Act 2) we have a temple porch, with hieroglyphs, &c., equally in character; the fourth, representing a moonlight garden on the banks of the Nile, an illuminated temple, temples and colonnades rising out of the river in the distance, with other details into which it is unnecessary to enter, is

the most picturesque of all; the fifth, ingeniously representing the ordeal of the fire and the water through which the lovers have to pass, gives way to the final tableau, which is effectively and appropriately allegorical. But in all respects *Il Flauto Magico* is as efficiently placed on the stage as could by any possibility be contrived, the resources of the theatre taken into account. The opera is a complete and well merited success, and thus another great classical work is added to the repertory of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Il Flauto Magico was given for the third time on Tuesday night; on Wednesday Mdle. Ilma de Murska took her benefit, and appeared for the last time this season—the opera selected being *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which she made her *début* in London; on Thursday, *Fidelio*. This evening *Un Ballo in Maschera*, for the *début* of Mdle. Sarolta. Meanwhile a concert for the benefit of Signor Giuglini is advertised, at which all the artists in Mr. Mapleson's company will take part. This is only what was expected—the more so as we are sorry to learn that there are little, if any, hopes of the eminent tenor's recovery.

Muttoniana.

The Muttonians to a Muttonian (except Dr. Silent, who wouldn't be an M. P. if he could) having gone to make pledges to their constituents, the more than Herculean labor of emptying the baskets of *Muttoniana* once more (for the last time he devoutly hopes these thunderstorms) devolves upon Dr. Silent.

Mr. Dishley Peters of Tadcaster forwards the subjoined important telegram:—

MR. AP'MUTTON AND HIS DOCTORS.

By Electric and Extraordinary Telegraph.

Drs. Shoe, Wind, Queer, and Pidding have off'd Cape Horn. Mr. Ap'Mutton is exploring the western course of Lake Victoria Nianza in Africa. Mr. Ap'M. believes he will trace the waters of the Nile to yet another source. Captain Burton has written to Mr. Ap'M. to allow him (Burton) to accompany him (Ap'M.), but he (Ap'M.) has declined the honor. His (Ap'M.'s) discoveries have always been made without aids or lookers-on. He (Ap'M.) is *suite-less*, travels on a mule, drinks coconut milk, eats berries, locusts, and phenicopters—when he can catch these last, which he occasionally does with salt. Mr. Ap'M. gathers the berries. The locusts leap into his mouth unawares to both. He simply bolts them.

Dr. Silent is glad of this news, but sorry that the head of the Muttonians and his four chief doctors in parenthesis are so far away. Dr. Silent would hardly be sorry to hear from Mr. Drinkwater Hard, Mr. Baylis Boil, or indeed any energetic Muttonian capable of relieving him of his labors for the nonce.

TO OLD DR. SILENT.

SIR,—I tell thee what it is, lad, thee's got in thy paper this week, a man who signs his name an Angel, who runs down a poor poodle dog in Leicester Square. I can tell thee that this faithful Neptune saved my life once, and I can tell thee what it is I'll fight with the last drop o' blood I have in me. I have seed him dashed by the waves, and ruled under the iron rod of a foreign puppy, but my poor Neptune bore't all like a hero, and is it thou, that scores at a black beetle, that tries to crush the good and faithful! I tell thee what it is, old Silent, I should like to fight your man a duel.

Oh thou whose face is in a frog-like shape, bring forth thy wit, and writte those horrid and blasphemous epistles again, and I will meet thee and bring thee down to that Peddling machine and stricke aloud the sound of *justo justo*, but time will tell. Let the Alhambra and its poodle be. I am, oh Silent, thine ever truly,

JOAB GAS.

July 10th, 1865.

Dr. Silent having not yet completed his 90th year is one of the youngest of the Muttonians, and therefore feels slightly piqued at the superscription of Mr. Gas's otherwise not humorous epistle.

SENZA AND CON SORDINO.

SIR,—An amateur, a great admirer of Beethoven's sonatas, will esteem it a favor if you will give an explanation, in the plainest English, of the terms "*Senza sordino*" and "*Con sordino*."—I am, yours respectfully,

L. S. D.

To Oswin Ap'Mutton, Esq.

When Dr. Silent sees "*senza sordino*" he plays *con una corda*—and *versâ vice*. But he will consult Professor Nine on the point. Dr. Silent, moreover, has just received a communication from

Dr. Punch, who after the usual compliments says:—"Now, my dear Silent, I know it would please Ap'Mutton to see the enclosed composition, from the pen of my musical contributor, Mr. Harmony Silver ("One Who Plays"), in *Muttoniana*. "Impinge" it, therefore, as friend Shoe would say, without grimace, and eternally oblige, yours, with unfeigned civility, PUNCH.—85, Fleet St."

Dr. Silent "impinges" without grimace:—

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

"Mr. Mapleson deserves the thanks of all lovers of good music for his production of *Medea* and the *Magic Flute*. Such music lifts the nose from the grindstone of one's daily mundane drudgery, and elevates the mind while amusing and refining it. Ordinary operas are in their way a pleasant pastime, and do not need much stretching of the ears or straining of the mind to comprehend their purport. But such music as was written by Mozart and Cherubini demands a higher faculty rightly to enjoy it, and a far more lasting pleasure is derived from its enjoyment. Men who have the ears of Midas, and whose minds are made to match, may think that operas are written simply to be yawned through, and may view them as a proper undercurrent for mere small talk. But a little careful hearing of the music which Mozart wrote must convince a man with brains that ideas may reach the mind by other channels than mere words, and that the mental faculties are bettered by receiving them. Happy is the man who can derive the greatest pleasure from the various enjoyments this varying world affords; and men who think that music is only meant to dance to, or be fashionably chatted through, may, by attentive hearing of Mozart and Cherubini, soon learn that a much higher enjoyment may be gleaned from it. By education of the ear great pleasure may be gained; and no one is so fit to complete this education as one of the old masters. The more good music one hears, the more one learns to relish it; and they who really do so, when they hear the *Magic Flute*, are sure to be enchanted with it."

Why, Dr. Silent would inquire, does Mr. Harmony Silver ("One Who Plays") omit all reference to the singers—Ilna de Murka, Santley, &c.—why omit all *ditto* to the conductor, the jovial Arditì (*piccolissimo grandissimo maestro!*)? Dr. Silent is at a poke to answer his own questions. "One Who Plays" must rectify said omissions, or himself be rectified at the hands of Drs. Punch and Silent.

DOG'S-METRE.

Says Engle to Ap'Poodle, "You're a brute of a dog,
Whom I should like to well wallop and flog;"
"Oh!" says Poodle, "pray don't refrain, Mr. Engle,
You'll never make me, as I've made you, tingle!"
Then says Engle, "Poodle, you're a brute of a dog,
Whom I should like to well wallop and flog;"
"Well," says Poodle, "at your feet crouching I lay,
Awaiting explanation of your little ***." (*fib's the polite word.*)
When in comes "Ramhler," a lubberly lout,
To see what all the shindy's about.
"Hard knocks, is it?" says he, very plucky;
Then gets one for his nob and cuts his lucky.
Then adds Engle, "Poodle, your a brute of a dog,
Whom I should like to well wallop and flog;
But as I can't, why, I don't think I must;
So I'll swallow my bile, and boil tho' I bust." A.P.P.

P.S.—I forgot last week to mention that I am convinced Mr. Crozier, the eminent oboe-player, wrote the letter signed "Ramhler," and that I admire his playing beyond—measure in fact that I consider him rated A One, but I do not and cannot admire his literary efforts. A.P.P.

Dr. Silent vociferously invites Herr Engel to respond in Englemetre; and that expeditiously.

WELL PAID MUSICIANS.

SIR,—Mr. Sarcey, in the theatrical *feuilleton* of the *Opinion Nationale*, gives a melancholy account of the position of the musicians at the Théâtre Français. He affirms that they receive only from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. per night. The conductor of the orchestra, for a fixed yearly sum, furnishes so many musicians, and in order to make as much profit as possible, pays almost nothing.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
S. T. TABLE.

Why, Dr. Silent would ask, does not Mr. Table himself raise their salaries? Although one of the simplest, he is one of the wealthiest of Muttonians. At the same time Mr. Table is a great chatterer, and to him, as "high mountains" to Byron, table-talk (not to say tittle-tattle) is a "feeling." Not so to Dr. Silent, or M. Sarcey.

Moreover, Dr. Silent has received a communication from the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, begging insertion of a skit, which that editor highly esteems, as more or less entymological.

ENTYMOLOGICAL SKIT.

"Oratorios were offensive to Cowper's sensitive mind. In prose, a delicately plaintive as poetry, he bewailed that mankind should pay n^r better attention to the great message of salvation than to set it to music. The blaze of musical glory that Handel throws over the words of scripture seemed to him irreverent. What would he think of the comments that these compositions give rise to? In one of Thursday's papers the following passage occurred:—'Next to *Saul* came *Samson*' which may be said to tread on the heels of *Messiah*. Nor is this, technical profanity confined to musical criticism. Such expressions as 'a conventional green Christ,' 'a golden glowing St. John,' 'a Madonna with cheek of juicy impasto,' to be found in Kùghler's or Woegen's pages, may well surprise the simple mind. I. . . ."

Dr. Silent never before heard of an "irreverent blaze;" nor of a "technical profanity." Also Dr. Silent only remembers two passages from Cowper. One of these is only half a passage:—

"As yet black-breeches were not" * * * * *

Why not, Dr. Silent would ask, knee-breeches?—or plush-breeches?—or velvet-breeches? This from *The Task* (a task, Dr. Silent remembers, to get through). The second passage runs thus:—

"A rose had been washed, *just washed* by a shower," &c.

The "just washed" is, in Dr. Silent's opinion, abominable. And yet the author of "black breeches" and "just washed" is offended with Handel! "Sensitive mind" indeed! Why, Dr. Silent opines, that Cowper would have been distinguished had Handel allowed him to shave him. Also he has trod upon the corn of Ap'Mutton.

ADELINA PATTI.

(Dedicated to HORACE MAYHEW, Esq.)

An angel would listen to her song,
Dukes, lords, and princes join the throng,
Eager to catch ethereal notes.
Lo! in ecstasies their feelings float;
Inspired themes in their hearts are wrote,
No pen can figure her graces as Zerlina,
Amina, Dinorah, Margherita, and Rosina.
Peerless songstress, with genius bright,
A queen, nature proclaims thy right
To reign in the kingdom of beautiful art;
To enchant the ear, while emotion's dart
In sweeping chords through the human heart.

July 1st.

BOOTH BIRCH.

GIUGLINI.

(Dedicated to SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.)

Go one! oh gone are his golden notes!
In vain may be all our hopes.
Unconquerable monster, leave thy prey!
Give back our tenor, let his organ play,
Let sweet peace calm his troubled brain,
I natal him in the realms of song again.
Never forsake him, you patrons of art,
Inspire him with hope and comfort his heart.

July 3rd.

BOOTH BIRCH.

Dr. Silent would now call the attention of Mr. Booth Birch to Ilna de Murka, Mario, Ronconi, Leicester Buckingham, J. V. Bridgeman, and Arabella Goddard.

CHERUBINI'S *Medea*.

DEAR SILENT,—I read in an article signed "Gustave Bertrand," which appeared in the last number of the Paris sheet, *Le Ménestrel*, the affixed:—"C'est d'Allemagne que Mlle. Tietjens apporte l'idée de faire monter *Medea* au Théâtre de sa Majesté à Londres." Is that the case? I suppose it is; but, as you know everything, pray tell me.—Heartily yours,
Carlton Club, July 12.

Lord Long must not swallow everything he finds in Parisian sheets. Dr. Silent has reason to believe that Mlle. Tietjens knew nothing at all about Cherubini's *Medea* until Mr. Ap'Mutton—who helped Cherubini to help Sarti in writing his (Sarti's) operas, as well as to score his (Cherubini's) own (*Medea* in particular)—recommended it to Signor Arditì. Not a soul in Her Majesty's Theatre,

from Lord Dudley to the drums, was aware that any other *Medea* existed than the wishy-washy opera of Mayer, which Pasta used to make the people believe was very fine. Give unto Tietjens the credit *she* deserves for her grand impersonation of the Colchian Princess; but take not away from the magnanimous chief of the Muttonians the credit *he* deserves for having shown Tietjens the means of rendering herself newly famous. Mr. Ap'Mutton has still another opera in store for her, as Dr. Silent has reason to believe.

TO LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

DEAR BUCKY,—In the report of the speech made by Mr. Charles Dickens at the New Adelphi Theatre, in behalf of the Shakespeare Foundation Schools, he is made to say "That objections had been made to the children of dramatic artists in *some sterling private schools*." What Mr. Dixon really said was, "That objection had been made to children of dramatic artists in *certain little snivelling schools*, but in public schools—never." The word snivelling is so very happy and expressive of all that is canting and mean, that I am sure you will see the necessity of correcting the mistake. At the same time every dramatic artist must thank you for your admirable leader in their favor.—Yours obediently,

JOHN B. BUCKSTONE.

Theatre-Royal Haymarket, May 12.

The two Bucky's, Dr. Silent opines, might direct their letters to each other's private addresses, instead of choking up the columns of *Muttoniana*. At the same time Dr. Silent's name is *not* on the free list, for self and friends, at the Haymarket; neither has he, nor Mrs. Silent, nor Mr. Luke Silent, nor Miss Prude Silent, nor Miss Very Silent seen *Brother Sam*.

ADELINA PATTI'S MARRIAGE.

Alderman Doublebody presents his compliments to Silent, and has read the side-placed in the *Ménestrel*:—"On annonce le mariage de la cantatrice favorite du Théâtre-Italien, d'Adelina Patti. Cette fois la nouvelle serait sérieuse, et ce qui la rend doublement intéressante, c'est que la brillante artiste qui a vu les grands seigneurs à ses pieds, qui a refusé les plus riches partis, donne sa main à un jeune homme inconnu, simple négociant à Milan."—Alderman Doublebody hopes it isn't true.

The news would indeed be "serious" to a certain party, if it were true. But Dr. Silent—to say nothing of Mr. Luke Silent Miss Very Silent, and Adelina Patti herself—knows that this tin, (not for the first time, by many) "On" is a ——— n'importe.

* * * * *

Fish and Volume, July 14.

Abraham Silent.

HERR HERRMANN STERNBERG gave a *Matinée* at Collard's Pianoforte Rooms, on Friday, the 7th inst., under the patronage of His Excellency the Belgian Minister. Herr Sternberg is a young violinist, and pupil of M. Vieuxtemps, and has been playing in public for the last few months, under the direction of his renowned master, in various parts of Germany and in Paris, with a success that has been chronicled. Herr Sternberg, indeed, is no unworthy pupil of so excellent a master. His recommendations are many and strong, and there is no doubt he will grow into high favour with amateurs of the fiddle in this country. What is principally to be noticed in Herr Sternberg's playing is a chasteness and delicacy of style which will always ensure him special admirers. The pieces selected for his *Matinée* were Beethoven's Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with Mdlle. Paule Gayard and M. Vieuxtemps; Vieuxtemps' "Moreau de Salon," and Ernst's *Otello* fantasia. While all three were exceedingly well played the audience seemed most impressed by the *Otello* fantasia, which all amateurs of the violin know to be one of the most difficult pieces written for the instrument in modern times. Of Mdlle Paule Gayard we have spoken elsewhere, and we need only say here that she did "yeoman service" in Beethoven's Trio, and performed Schulhoff's "Overture to *Oberon*," arranged as a pianoforte solo, and Rossini's "Tarantella," arranged by Liszt, all with great effect. The singers were Mdlle. Lina Sternberg, and Signor Marchesi. The lady, who we believe is sister to the concert-giver, exhibited a good mezzo-soprano voice in the cavatina from *Bely*, "In questa semplice," and in Handel's "Lascia ch'io Pianga." Signor Marchesi gave "Non piu andrai," and Nelusko's ballad from the *Africaine*, which is always admired. Mr. Benedict, conductor.

S. T. T.

ST. JAMES'S, WESTMINSTER.—The twelfth annual festival of the choir of the above church was celebrated on Tuesday, July 4th, 1865, at the "Manor-house," Green-Janes, Stoke Newington. We have usually—through the communication of an occasional correspondent, or honorary member of the choir—chronicled the returns of this little event, which annually takes place at the expense of the congregation of the church. Early in the morning the younger of the male members of this band

were on the wing, and by the hour of the more general meet, had enjoyed a fine round of cricket. At 2 o'clock a good substantial dinner was served in the newly-built hall of this suburban hostelry. The tables seemed to count about 80; half the number, however, perhaps being visitors; these latter mostly former members of the choir, whom circumstances had removed to other localities, for such associations composed, as they mostly are, of the young are—from the cause just adverted to—very changing. The specialty of this return was that of the nominal president of the association being the president of the day—the Rev. Jno. E. Kempe, A.M., rector of the parish, who, in the facetious displays introductory to the toasts, added in no slight degree to the conviviality of the scene, and at the same time the edification of the company, the little addresses exhibiting a choice admixture of the grave and the gay, very little of the former, however, too much of the latter. The after dinner programme was as follows:

Toast 1.—The Queen and royal family. "National Anthem."

Toast 2.—The clergy and churchwardens. Chorus, "Now pray we for our country"—Flowers.

Toast 3.—The treasurer, Mr. Churchwarden Drake. Part-song, "May-day"—Müller.

Toast 4.—The organist and choir-master, Messrs. Burrowes. Part-song, "March of the men of Harlech"—Thomas.

Toast 5.—The librarian, Mr. Slocombe. Hunting-glee, "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn"—Bishop.

Toast 6.—The choir of St. James's, and secretary, Mr. Lawrence. Part-song, "Auld lang syne"—G. W. Martin.

Toast 7.—The ladies, Mr. Fisher to respond. Part-song, "The dawn of day"—Reay. Parting-glee, "Farewell, kind friends"—Phillips.

The various choral pieces were very carefully rendered in well balanced parts; the ladies especially coming out boldly, and singing well in tune. Mr. R. J. Martin was choir master director, and Mr. Burrowes, organist, the accompanist; the choir's grand pianoforte having been removed thither for the purpose. Besides the foregoing, the company were enlivened at intervals by the playing of Mr. Saunders' quadrille band, composed of self and four sons, and which, in the performance of some pieces belonging to the more classical school of music than that implied by its professed vocation, gave opportunity for the display on the part of one of the youths of some rather superior violin playing. After the serving of tea and coffee, dancing was taken up and the entertainment thus carried to a late hour. The foregoing would seem to point to the inference that the musical part of the worship of St. James's Church was of the more advanced order of choral service. Not so, however; but, on the contrary, everything in the way of anthem, services, or solos are eschewed, not even are the Psalms of David given in song. Metrical psalmody, hymnody, and the canticles to chants comprises all the music admissible in the services at St. James's. The object sought in the maintenance of the choir being mainly to bring out the voice of every worshipper in song, as distinguished from that made of church music which—although gratifying to the ear—makes the worshipper the mere listener. This end is sought to be accomplished by the employment of a fair band of good singers—a representation in fair proportions of the different class of voices of the people—men, women, boys and girls—unobtrusively positioned in an upper western gallery, and unseen to the greater part of the congregation. To such leading, in tune of simple character, the worshipper, hearing the voices of his own class, and being frequently exhorted from the pulpit so to do, joins in himself; and thus, by the general extension of the principle, the church's music becomes really the chorus of the people. Those who have had to do at all with volunteer church choirs and are familiar with the fact of the invariable proneness of these little bodies for the use of the more artificial and complex of the church's music, in order to their efforts being silently listened to by the congregation rather than sung to, will very naturally suggest the question—How is a capable amateur choir, employed only on such simple music as has been referred to above, sustained and kept together? The answer is—1st. That this annual festival has no small influence to that end. 2nd. That the weekly evening meetings for the rehearsal of the church's music affords also the opportunity for a friendly two hour's practice of anthems, motetts, part-songs, and other such compositions belonging to high class art, under a competent conductor and accomplished piano accompanist. And 3rdly. By the display of choral proficiency, which the giving of occasional concerts for the entertainment of friends affords. Let it not be supposed that the foregoing remarks are put forth as an advocacy for the use of the simple kind of the church's music, as opposed to that of the use of choral service proper; for such is in no way the aim of the writer. The argument is intended only as pointing to a successful mode of creating good, and the more general congregational singing wherever the species may be in use.

THE ABBE LISZT.—In spite of the especial favor which the ex-pianist enjoys at the Pontifical Court, it is said that Liszt intends quitting Rome next autumn and returning to Hungary.

MR. DESMOND RYAN'S CONCERT.—This annual entertainment—one of the most agreeable of the season, though not “monster”—came off on Friday evening, the 7th inst., at St. James's Hall, and attracted a large and brilliant attendance. The vocal talent comprised Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Harriers Wippen and Trebelli, Misses Laura Harris, Marian Wheatley, Florence de Courcy, Fanny Armytage and Edmonds, Mdle. Enequist, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Gardoni, Bettini, W. H. Weiss and Santley; the instrumental, Miss Madeline Schiller (pianoforte), Herr Ludwig Strauss (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). Three songs were given for the first time, viz., Gounod's “Message of love,” by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—sung with extraordinary brilliancy and redeemed with acclamations, but not complied with; song, “Lady Hildred,” by Mr. Balfe—a peculiarly quaint and captivating melody, one of the composer's happiest inspirations, and sung with such point and spirit, and withal with such exquisite vocal *finesse* by Mr. Sims Reeves, as to provoke an enthusiastic encore, which there was no denying; and a MS. song, “Dreams of the Past,” given by Mr. Santley, and composed expressly for him by Mrs. Sartoris (Miss Adelaide Kemble), a flowing and tender lament, and recommended by the splendid voice and admirable vocalization of the singer. Most effective of the other performances were the two airs by Madame Trebelli—“Nobil Signor” (*Les Huguenots*) and “Pensa alla patria” (*L'Italiana in Algeri*), the latter the finest specimen of Rossinian singing we have heard for years, incomparable indeed as regards voice, style, method and finish; the rondo finale from *La Sonnambula* and Arditj's “L'Orologio”—by that youthful wonder, Miss Laura Harris, who sang both with remarkable brilliancy and with a command of the upper voice and a perfection of intonation which could not possibly be surpassed; Kucken's *lied*, “Das Sternelein,” by Madame Harriers Wippen, whose charming voice and finished style enchanted the audience beyond measure, and also, by the same lady with Mr. Santley, the duet, “La dove prendi,” from the *Flauto Magico*, which was rapturously encored; Mr. Weiss's “Village blacksmith,” sung by himself and encored; and the song, “It is a charming girl I love,” from the *Lily of Killarney*, given by Mr. Sims Reeves with such fine voice and such true Hibernian relish as to make the audience roar with delight and bellow for an encore, which could not be refused. We might name, too, the contributions by Misses M. Wheatly and Edmonds, and Signor Bettini, as worthy of especial praise, as well as the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven, so admirably played by Mdle. Madeline Schiller and Herr Ludwig Strauss, together with a duet by that eminent violinist and Signor Piatti. The London Choral Union, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, gave four pieces with excellent effect.

Miss Edwards' MATINEE D'INVITATION came off on Tuesday, the 4th current, at 94, Upper Ebury Street, under distinguished patronage. Miss Edwards, who is both pianist and vocalist, and indicates no inconsiderable talent in singing and playing, was assisted by Mdle. Poyet and Signor Ambonetti as singers, and by Herr Petterson (violin) and Herr Oberthur (harp) as instrumentalists. Miss Edwards sang Gounod's serenade “La Berceuse,” Moore's “Oft in the still night,” Claribel's “Take back the heart,” and Campana's arietta “Non posso vivere senza di te,” the first and last perhaps being entitled to the meed of praise. The fair *beneficitaire* also joined Signor Ambonetti in the duet for Lucia and Edgardo in the first act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which pleased universally. Miss Edwards contributed largely to the instrumental share of the programme, playing, with Herr Petterson, a duo for piano and violin by Heller and Ernst; ditto, for pianoforte and harp, with Herr Oberthur; and, as solos, Ascher's “Alice” and an Etude by Cipriani Potter. Ascher's pretty and captivating piece was brilliantly executed and warmly applauded.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WHITTINGHAM (ALFRED).—“The Litany for three treble voices,” by W. J. WESTBROOK, and “Under the cliffs by the sea,” ballad, by J. L. HARTON.

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